Jog Maṅjhi says: Please, bring some molasses. When this is brought, they give the village headman and his deputy and after them all who are there. 584 [262]

The Jog Maṅjhi then says: Honoured friends, as you see, we are drying people; otherwise in olden times they were saying, the rich people dry paddy and husks, as for us, we are drying you friends; for this, honoured friends, be especially grieved. Then the visitors answer: The grieving ones, Sir, have all gone in advance, to Somae's narrow valley, to the fine sand they have gone to herd crocodiles. Thereupon they eat, and when this is done the Jog Maṅjhi again says: Listen, we have cut and cleared the threshing-floor, please, bring us again some parched and flattened rice. They bring this and give to all who are there. The Jog Maṅjhi then says: Please, bring the friends some water from the closet of the ancestors[7]. Then they give them each one brass-cup full of beer. They finish eating and drinking.

Now the Jog Maṅjhi calls out: You wife of the eldest son (if there is no such one, he will call some other girl), come here, pick up these leaf-plates and throw them away; bring some water in a loṭa, and pour some out in a brass-cup for all of us; we shall wash our hands and mouth. When they have washed themselves, they give each of them two leaf-cups of beer. They then come out from the house, enter the cow-shed[8] and sit down on bedsteads. The Jog Maṅjhi says: You, wife of the eldest son (if there is such a one there), please bring a hookah[9] and tobacco. She brings this, and they hand it over to the visitors. [515] [352] [276]

The Jog Maṅjhi now goes into the house and says to the father of the young man: Look here, Sir, what shall we give the visitors to eat with the rice? He answers: Some of you call my eldest son. They call him; he comes and says: Why have you called me, father? His father says to him in reply: I say, my son, bring the biggest castrated goat. He goes and brings it. [231]

The Jog Maṅjhi then says: Do bring some water in a loṭa. They bring this and pour the water on the head of the castrated goat; thereupon they kill it.

They ask the visitors to sit down and take food. When they have given everybody rice and curry, the Jog Maṅjhi says: As you see, Sirs, you are our friends; as for us, we are drying the friends; our ancestors of old, the rich ones, they would dry paddy and husks; as you see, we are drying you, our friends; let this especially grieve you. The visitors then reply: Yes, Sir, the grieving ones have gone to Somae's narrow valley, to the fine sand to herd crocodiles. Now they eat; when they have done, they wash and chew tobacco with lime.

Before they say good-bye to them, they again take them inside and give them beer. When they have drunk, they come out to be said good-bye to. They stand in a row, and while in this position they salute each other. Thereupon they see them off, and they go away.

[7] See Santal Dictionary s. v. bhitar. [8] During day-time, when no cattle is there, the cow-shed is commonly used for visitors. Bedsteads are placed here to sit down on. [9] See Santal Dictionary s. vv. huka and thamakur. [343] [352]

[6] Calc. Sta. Mus. Bedding.

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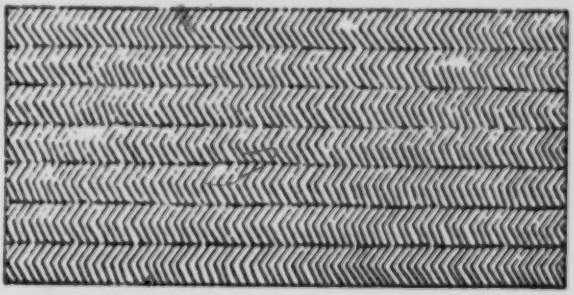
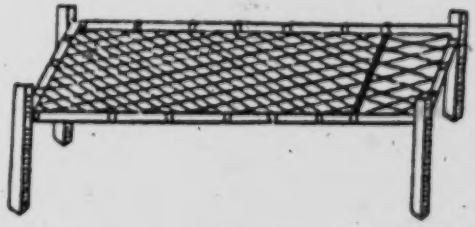
Furniture and other House-hold Articles

352 In the modest living we associate with the Santals, one cannot expect them to use furniture as we understand by the term. A palm-leaf mat, called [285] "pàṭia" (*Santali*), spread on the bare floor serves as



Mat (patia)

the bed of the average man and woman. (See illus- [556] tration). Those financially better off, sleep on a string-bed within a wooden frame-work called



Parkòm

"parkòm" by the Santals and "khatia" by the "Dekos" (*non-Santals*). (See illustration).

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777 352 Luck attached to a bed is tested in a peculiar way. The interstices between a stringed bed (*khatia*) are counted from its top to bottom, beginning with *ind*, then *cand*, then *jom*, and then *raja*, and so on till the end. If either *raja* or *cand* falls on the last space, the bed is lucky, and if either *ind* or *jom* falls on it, the bed is unlucky.

777 243 825 301 [823] In sowing millets, the luck of preserving the grains from the attack of pests is ensured in a special way. The sower wears a ring made from the scale of the *Harba* (Indian scaly ant-eater). This ring must be cut by a flint to protect its virtue; and should iron be used, it loses all its powers.[1]

754 562 *Origin of Witch-Craft*

That the Santals have an uncanny faith in Witch-craft is known to many, but little is known about the fact that they consider all women as potential witches, who learnt their art, or rather stole it from Maraṅ Buru, the chief presiding deity, and how men in return learnt the craft of detecting the witches among women.

754 According to the sayings of the Santal patriarchs as we read in *Hòṛkorèn Mare Haṛamko Reak'*

1. Dr. Campbell's *Santali to English Dictionary*, pages 22 and 265.

3i Mukherjea O. Y-4, 5 (ca. 1933-1939) 1962
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SANTAL PARGANAS

668 common platform. They long for the development of their distinctive culture—a pre-Dravidian Jharkhand.

177 648 [641] Now with Independence, and its concomitant adult franchise, things are undergoing a rapid transformation. The Santal, along with the other aboriginals, like his more civilised brethren has got to handle a ballot paper. They see that the more advanced Indians are trying to have a better standard of life and are rushing in for more and more of education, for amenities of life hitherto denied to the hill and jungle-folk. Development plans of the government, Community projects, programmes of tribal uplift are gradually throwing open to them roads, motor lorries, schools and fineries. Planes buzz over them, radios blare and torch lights flash. With all the glare of modernism in their eyes, is it a wonder that these aboriginals, so long living idyllic lives in the backwoods of songs and dances are puzzled at the threshold of a New World?

177 So long the seeds of a new order were in the air. Old sets of value now seemed disturbed. In [184] Bolpur area, one could notice new house-types with [342] windows and furniture, they lacked in the past. [352] Santals were found chewing betels, drinking less and [27] taking to milk and tea and cigarettes. Many have [262] given up beef like the Hindus, even buffalo meat and pork have gone off their menu. The old Santal

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a portion of land in recognition of his appointment, and land cannot easily pass out of the possession of a particular clan. The office therefore tends to remain in the family, for fresh lands are not obtainable after one or two generations have passed away.

The villagers recognize the priest's office, as they do those of the other dignitaries, by payment in return for services rendered. When one of the villagers is fined by the council, the priest receives his own share of the total sum. When game is killed in the hunt, the priest's share consists of a strip of flesh cut from the animal's backbone; it is formed into the shape of a cooking-place before it is handed over to him. He receives the heads of all the animals that are sacrificed by him on behalf of his fellow villagers. His duty is to make the offerings to the tribal spirits on behalf of the whole village at the time of the festivals. In order to prepare himself he has to separate himself from his fellows. Santals ordinarily sleep on string beds, but on the night before a sacrifice the priest sleeps on the floor, and he must abstain from sexual intercourse. On the morrow he has to fast until his work is done.

In addition to the priest, there is in every village a co-priest with special functions. This official is known as the *kudam naeke*. The word *kudam* refers to the area behind the dwelling-house. During village festivals, while the priest is making the main offerings, the *kudam naeke* sacrifices to the *pargana bonga*, the spirit who is regarded as the guardian or perhaps as the personification of the wider territorial unit into which groups of Santal villages are formed. It may be that this particular spirit needs the services of the co-priest because the *pargana bonga* was resident in the area before the villagers settled within its borders, while they brought the other spirits with them. The other function fulfilled by the *kudam naeke* reveals ideas which comprise perhaps a separate strata in the complex structure of Santal religion. During the festivals he offers drops of blood, which he produces by pricking his own arm with a thorn, to the boundary spirits, or the spirits of the outskirts of the forests. The name of this blood offering is *bul mayam*, *mayam* being the ordinary word for blood. The meaning of the term *bul* in this context is obscure, and Santals are unable to offer any explanation. *Bul* is a word connoting drunkenness; it can also be used as an adjective to describe an earthen pot that has become saturated with water, and it may refer to the saturation of the rice offering with the blood. In some incantations the phrase is coupled with one that refers to menstrual blood. The same